

Revealed 201

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Sylvia arched her eyebrows.

The Evans family was much more powerful than the Andrews family. They had nothing in common.

Moreover, Otto was not a smart businessman and his company hadn't been very famous in the industry.

Otto had been managing his company in another city and had just moved here recently.

However, the Evans family had a long history, although it had gone a bit down-and-out in recent years, it was still much bigger and more powerful than the Andrews family.

Therefore, Sylvia was a bit surprised that the old Evans would suddenly ask about her father.

"Yes, my father's last name is Andrews," Sylvia answered.

All of a sudden, the old Evans became excited. "Is your mother's name..."

"Dr. Sylvia," just then, a woman's voice sounded from behind Sylvia.

Sylvia looked back and saw the wife of a worker she had saved before. It was Cara.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Evans. I am afraid I need to leave now." After saying that, Sylvia walked towards Cara.

Cara's husband had been discharged from the hospital.

Why did she come here?

Staring at her receding back, the old Evans squinted his eyes. She looked so much like Monica.

He had to figure out who Sylvia really was.

"Mylo, Monica has severed the ties with us for years. She has abandoned you as her father. Why did you ask about her?" Naturally, Neve did not want another person to come back and fight for the Evans family properties with her.

The old Evans' attitude towards Sylvia just now had alerted her.

She admitted that Sylvia did look like Monica. But did it mean she was an Evans?

"Neve's right. Dad, Monica has always been a stubborn person, maybe she's still resenting you. You have loved her the most since we were children. How ungrateful she is." Eddie, Tiffany's uncle, said.

"Shut up!" The old Evans said in a low voice and then coughed.

The coughing didn't stop until a while later. The old Evans slowly said, "No matter what, she's your sister. If I could find her, I would make it up to her. I owe it to her all these years."

Tiffany was confused. What were they talking about? Did it mean Sylvia was her sister?

How could it be? No, it was impossible.

Even if it was true, she would definitely stop Sylvia from stepping into the Evans family.

Sylvia glanced at Cara and felt strange. "Cara. Why are you here? Is there something wrong with your husband?"

Cara shook her head and looked around. After a while of hesitation, she said to Sylvia, "May I speak to you alone?"

Sylvia smiled, "Of course. Follow me."

Following Sylvia, Cara walked to her office.

If it weren't for Sylvia, who did the operation for her husband, her husband might have become disabled by now.

Therefore, she had been feeling grateful for Sylvia.

In the large office, there were only two of them.

Sylvia poured a glass of water for Cara. "Cara, what do you want to say to me?"

Cara sat down on the couch and looked at Sylvia with a timid look. She took out a photo from her worn purse. "I found it from an old album in my house. When I first saw you, I felt you were familiar. After getting home, I tried to memorize it and found that you look like a woman whom an old man in my village bought over ten years ago."

"What did you say?" Sylvia looked at the photo in Cara's hands in shock.

Because it had been years since the photo was taken, the photo had yellowed.

But one could still see the women's faces in the photo clearly.

"You can take a look at the woman in the photo." Cara handed Sylvia the photo.

Sylvia took it over and observed the women in the photo.

The photo was old and yellow. There were seven women in it.

Sylvia recognized the woman in the middle at a glance. It was her mother, Monica Evans!

Her eyes widened and her face turned pale. She looked at Monica in the photo with disbelief.

She looked thin in the photo. It seemed that she had been poorly fed. She looked haggard and completely different from the women around her, who were all wearing smiles.

But because of her delicate features, she still looked beautiful.

Sylvia's heart raced in her chest.

"How did you get the photo? How is the woman in the photo now? Where is she? Is she still in your village?" Sylvia couldn't control her excitement anymore.

It was her mother. She couldn't be wrong!

“Dr. Sylvia, this photo was taken the year when I got married. It had been over ten years since it was taken and the woman in it is long gone.” Cara shook her head.

“She’s gone? Do you mean she has passed away?” Sylvia kept asking. All her excitement and hope were gone at that moment.

“No. She didn’t pass away, she just disappeared one day. The old man said she had been bought by someone else.” Cara continued, “But Dr. Sylvia, who is she?”

“She might be my mother.” Sylvia’s eyes turned red as she took a deep breath. “Cara, can you tell me which year it was when she disappeared?”

Cara thought for a while and said, “It had been over ten years... I think it was 13 years ago. I had just gotten married that year. Yes, it was 13 years ago.”

Sylvia was 9 years old 13 years ago.

She remembered clearly that her mother died in a car accident when she was eight.

Did it mean her mother survived the car accident and ended up in the village?

What was the truth?

Sylvia’s mind was in a mess.

She couldn’t figure out what had happened.

Was her mother alive or dead now?

Did someone buy her from an old man? Who could it be?

She felt a headache.

It was as if someone was slowly showing her the truth of everything that had happened.

Her mother survived the car accident and was sold to some other guy...

Sylvia needed some time to think about it.

The sky turned dark.

A white Land Rover drove into a remote village.

It was dinnertime.

Cara got out of the car and said to Sylvia, “Dr. Sylvia, the old man, lives in the depths of the village. Just keep going and you will see his house.”

She needed to get home before her mother-in-law got mad at her.

She told Sylvia about it because she thought Sylvia was a kind person.

“Thank you, Cara,” Sylvia said with gratitude. The road was too narrow for the car to keep going in.

Sylvia parked the car and walked toward the depth of the village.

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After walking for about 10 minutes, Sylvia saw a shabby cabin.

The door was opened and the light was off inside.

She stood at the door and knocked on it. "Is there anyone home?"

No one answered.

She waited for a while with a frown and there was still no response.

She took out her phone and walked into the house with the flashlight on her phone on.

She found the switch and turned on the light.

It was dim still, but she could finally see the house.

It was simply decorated.

Under the light was a table with two chairs beside it. There was a bed by the wall and a box by the bed.

Then, there was nothing more.

She glanced around the room and imagined how her mother had lived here.

She felt heartbroken.

This was not a place for humans to live in.

She was in a trance when footsteps came from the door.

"Who's in my house?"

A man's voice sounded from the yard.

Sylvia looked back and saw a stinky old man walking over.

The man was wearing black clothes. It was worn. His hair was messy and slightly gray. He looked in his fifties.

There were wrinkles on his face and his eyes were glassy.

He was holding a wine bottle. Sylvia could smell the cheap wine.

Sylvia stared at him and said after a while, "I have something to ask you."

The old man didn't expect such a beautiful woman to appear in his house.

He was stunned for a while and rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming?

"Are you a fairy? Did God send you?"

"Shut up!" Sylvia said coldly, "Did you buy a woman thirteen years ago?"

The old man walked close to her and tilted his head. After looking at her up and down, he said, "She's my wife and she ran away from me years ago. Why ask about her?"

So, she was just human? She was really beautiful.

"Where's she now? Who did you sell her to?" Sylvia asked in a loud voice.

"Huh. You know, she looked gentle, but she was a tough lady. She didn't let me fuck her, so I sold her! Someone paid me to watch her for a few days. I had thought I could have some fun. What a pity!" the old man sat down on the chair and sighed.

He recalled the days when he was young.

"So, you didn't buy her?" Sylvia caught the point.

"Why should I tell you? Who the hell are you anyway?" The old man glanced at her.

Sylvia took out several hundred-dollar bills from her purse and threw them at him. "Are these enough?"

The old man's eyes lit up and he immediately counted the bills.

"Yes!"

"Then, answer my questions."

"The village is remote and I was young. When I was haunting, I ran into a man and a woman. They kidnapped a beautiful woman and it seemed they were afraid someone might catch them. They gave me some money and asked me to hide the woman in my house for a few days. I told everyone in the village she was the wife I had bought. About half a month later, several men came, gave me some money, and took the woman away. They told me not to tell anyone about it," the old man said, "You know, she was really beautiful."

He then sized Sylvia up, "You look like her."

"What do they look like? The man and woman?" Hearing the old man's narrative, Sylvia felt depressed.

There was only one thought in her mind, which was, her mother might still be alive somewhere!

She didn't die!

'Mom, where are you?'

"The man looked decent. And the woman... she looked average. But I remember that her voice was high-pitched and sharp," the old man said as he tried to recall it. "I had only met them once. I couldn't remember clearly."

Sylvia gritted her teeth. "Try harder."

"I have taken your money and I wouldn't lie to you. I really couldn't remember!" the old man said with a frown, raising his voice.

Seeing that he seemed to have tried his best, Sylvia didn't say anything more and asked, "Had you seen a girl with that woman?"

“No,” the old man answered.

If her mother survived, where was her sister? Sylvia frowned and couldn't figure it out.

She took out several more bills from her purse and gave them to the old man. “Keep this between us.”

“Of course!” The old man was overjoyed.

It was already early morning by the time Sylvia drove back to the city.

Her face was very pale, but her mind was clear.

Even if it was already early in the morning, she wasn't sleepy at all.

Her mother was not dead.

Maybe there was never a car accident. She was sold to someone.

Otto lied to her.

What about her sister? Was her sister sold, too?

When she thought that in a certain place of the world, her mother and sister may be suffering from inhuman torture, she could not control her emotions.

She wanted to end the world.

She took a deep breath and suppressed her negative emotions.

No, no. Her mother and sister might be living a happy life now.

She couldn't think of the bad possibilities,

She lay in bed, trying to think positively. She gradually fell asleep.

By the time she woke up, it was nearly noon.

She picked up her phone and found that there were several missed calls.

Some of them came from the hospital and some of them were from Franklin.

She only called the hospital back, and did not respond to Franklin's calls.

After washing up, she drove to the hospital.

Just as she parked the car. “Wow, look at that car!”

Before she could get out of the car, she heard someone exclaim.

She blinked and looked along the exclaiming of the passers-by.

She saw several black Bentleys parked in line at the hospital gate.

Dozens of bodyguards in black got out of the cars and stood in two rows.

The door of the Bentley in the middle was opened, and several men in suits and ties walked out.

Sylvia's sight fell on the man in the lead.

He was wearing a tailored suit with his hands in his pockets. He stood straight, tall and handsome.

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His lovely face was like the best masterpiece from God.

Standing there, he naturally became the focus and put off a powerful vibe to make others respect him.

Right then, a tall, slender man got off from another car. He wore an easygoing smile on his handsome face.

When Franklin and Brayden showed up, all people's attention was attracted.

Sylvia got down from the car, striding toward the hospital building.

Standing motionlessly, Franklin gazed at her in silence.

"Why didn't you answer my calls?"

Sylvia wondered if it was her illusion that she felt a sudden drop in the temperature. Then she lifted her eyebrows.

She bypassed him and kept on walking. "I've just woken up."

She implied that she never answered phone calls while sleeping.

Brayden watched the fun in amusement, trying his best to hold back his laughter.

'What happened to Franklin? Sylvia seemed to have no interest in him at all.'

"Howdy, Brayden?" Sylvia greeted Brayden for Mrs. Wright's sake.

"Miss Andrews, Franklin has been pissed since getting up in the morning. Probably something is bugging him, or he's sick. Do you have any method to make him feel better?" Brayden said cheekily.

Sylvia replied indifferently, "Violence may be helpful. You can beat him up."

Franklin stuffed a hand into the pocket of his slacks, staring at Sylvia coldly. He finally had thought it over and figured out she had set him up to marry him in the past.

Then he couldn't wait to see her again. However, she cold shouldered him.

'Want to kick down the ladder, huh?' thought Franklin.

She wasn't so aloof when she needed him to be his antidote.

Besides, she even mocked him ironically.

Franklin wondered if he should fight back, but he wished more to take revenge in bed.

Sylvia walked toward the elevator, and so did Franklin and Brayden.

After the two men entered, Franklin gazed at Sylvia without blinking. "Come in."

Sylvia shook her head. "Please go ahead. I'll wait for the next one."

Her words made Franklin's face darken. He slightly repressed his irritation and prompted, "Hurry up, sweetie. Don't be naughty."

Sylvia's lips twitched.

His sudden dotting voice brought goosebumps to her arms.

When the elevator doors were sliding close, Franklin seized her arm and dragged her into the elevator forcibly.

Standing next to him, Sylvia could feel his heated gaze fixed on her.

She raised her head to glare at him awkwardly, only to meet his affectionate eyes.

Her heart skipped a beat. "Why are you in the hospital?"

She felt that his eyes had seen through her.

Sylvia lowered her eyes to dodge his gaze.

Suddenly, Franklin bent over to approach her, overwhelming her with a familiar scent.

He whispered seductively, "Guess."

Enveloped by his mint scent, Sylvia dodged slightly. Her eyelashes trembled.

"Why should I?"

She pushed him away. When the elevator door slid open, she left.

The old Wilson's operation was scheduled for the next morning.

Sitting in the office, Sylvia browsed the old Wilson's health check report with a frown.

His knees and arms were diagnosed with comminuted fractures, and there were other wounds all over his body.

His ribs and collarbones were broken.

However, his organs were not injured.

It meant the old Wilson used to be pretty healthy before.

Sylvia could tell his wounds were not caused by accidents but manually.

While she was lost in thought, there was a curt knock on the door.

"Please enter."

The door was pushed open. A nurse poked in her head and informed Sylvia, "Excuse me, Dr. Sylvia. The head of the surgical department wants to discuss Mr. Mylo Wilson's operation with you."

"OK. Be right there." Sylvia put down the health report, heading for the chief physician's office.

Once she left her office, she saw Tammy in the corridor. Tammy was holding a man's arm, and the man was good-looking wearing a white gown.

Sylvia hadn't been in the hospital recently, so she didn't know who this strange man was.

Tammy blocked her way triumphantly. "Sylvia, let me make an introduction. This is my boyfriend, Dale Shea."

Dale had just returned from studying abroad. His father was Kash Shea, the associate dean of this hospital. Dale was on board a few days ago. After learning his family background, Tammy made a move quickly, fawned over him, and hit on him.

Dale was a dandy when he stayed abroad. When Tammy proactively seduced him, he accepted her.

Therefore, they started dating.

Since becoming the girlfriend of the associate dean's son, Tammy became indeed proud.

Of course, she didn't miss a chance to provoke Sylvia.

Sylvia looked at her indifferently and replied, "No interest in knowing your boyfriend."

Dale was stunned by her, wondering why he didn't know there was such a pretty doctor in the hospital.

Tammy's appearance was slightly above average. Compared to her, Sylvia was just like a fairy.

The thought upset Dale.

"Nice to meet you, Dr. Sylvia. I'm Dale, a doctor in the orthopedics department." He reached out his right hand.

Since he behaved politely, Sylvia shook hands with him perfunctorily. Much to her surprise, Dale gazed at her evilly and increased his grip on her hand. Moreover, he even reached the other hand to stroke the back of hers.

The touch sickened Sylvia, making her hair stand on end.

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She couldn't believe the man had the guts to harass her.

After a loud bang, a man's cry in pain echoed in the corridor, "Aargh!"

Sylvia gave Dale a shoulder throw. He fell to the ground on his back, groaning and rolling.

Tammy was frightened. She hurriedly helped him stand up and said snappishly to Sylvia. "What the heck are you doing? Are you nuts? How dare you hit him!"

Sylvia darted at the dark circles below Dale's eyes and chuckled, "Dr. Shea, you look too weak and fragile. Tammy Andrews, are you sure he can satisfy you?"

Dale was a playboy, so he had flirted and slept with countless women. Besides, his family was wealthy, so he was always unruly.

Therefore, he was in health trouble although he was still young.

He also took some enlargement pills, but Sylvia exposed his health problem in public.

Feeling the pain in his back, Dale was angry that Sylvia refused to let him touch her. In his opinion, it should be her honor.

However, she mocked him after hitting him. Dale got mad, glaring at Sylvia. "I greeted you out of my kindness. Dr. Sylvia, why did you hit and mock me?"

Tammy was angry, feeling disgraced. Sylvia told the truth. Although Dale was tall and handsome, he needed to take pills before having sex with her. If not, he wouldn't last long. However, Tammy liked his family background, so she had to tolerate it.

Sylvia's words made Tammy angry. Hatred sprung to her eyes. She snapped, "Mind your language! Don't you feel ashamed?"

Sylvia narrowed her gaze. "I told the truth. Besides, I said it for your own good. Why are you so pissed?"

"My father is the associate dean of this hospital. You know what? I'm gonna fire you." Earlier, Dale had a crush on Sylvia and wanted to hit on her. However, she didn't appreciate his kindness, so he decided to teach her a lesson.

Rubbing his back, he roared, "Security! Security! Kick this woman out! She cannot enter the hospital in the future."

"What's going on? You can't make noises in the corridor."

The dean of the hospital walked over, followed by the associate dean.

"Dad, Mr. Lozano, this woman insulted Tammy and me and hit me. How can we let such a violent doctor work in this hospital? She must be punished and kicked out," Dale snarled, pointing at Sylvia.

Frowning, the dean darted at Sylvia and then at Dale and Tammy.

Sylvia was calm and indifferent, contrary to the other, who looked furious.

Tammy also stared at Sylvia and believed she would soon be kicked out of the hospital. She thought that Dale truly loved her.

The hospital dean looked at Dale in a migraine. The associate dean was close to him as they were classmates in the same medical school and roommates in the same dormitory.

After Dale graduated, he was arranged to work as a doctor without an internship or a probation period.

The hospital dean had been kind to him for his father's sake. However, Dale disappointed him.

Moreover, another major shareholder sponsored the hospital. The dean had to be obedient to that shareholder.

Therefore, the dean was a bit irritated. "Do you have any idea who Dr. Sylvia is, Dr. Shea?"

The associate dean had always thought the hospital dean treated Sylvia too well and gave her too many privileges. Since his son was bullied by Sylvia, he wanted to defend his son.

“Mr. Lozano, Dale is always a good boy. Dr. Sylvia must have provoked him first.”

“Yes, she did. You must kick her out.” Dale insisted more determinedly after his father had taken his side.

The hospital dean looked at Sylvia in a dilemma. He knew she was outstanding, but the associate dean was his best friend. Therefore, he wanted to find a way to please both parties.

Suddenly, the elevator door slid open.

Several men in black stepped out. The one in the lead wore a black suit with a strong aura and a stern look.

Franklin glanced at the people in the corridor sullenly.

Stuffing one hand into the pocket of his slacks, he pinched his phone with the other while walking toward them.

Sylvia looked over. They locked eyes.

Franklin’s gaze fell on her calmly. A few seconds later, he withdrew it and stood in front of the hospital dean.

“Good day, Mr. Maskelyne.” The dean greeted him in surprise. “What has brought you down here today?”

Jasper replied to him, “Mr. Maskelyne will make an important announcement. Can you please inform all the doctors, department heads, and leaders to a meeting room?”

A bad hunch raised inside the dean, and he wondered if the new major shareholder had arrived.

He stopped making a wild guess in fear and ordered the associate dean, “Hurry up and get it arranged.”

In the associate dean’s office, Tammy helped Dale check his back, only to find a large area of reddish skin. “Sylvia Andrews is indeed cold-hearted. How could she be so violent!”

“Mr. Lozano has watched me grow up. He will definitely kick Sylvia out,” Dale shouted angrily. “Dad, you must avenge me!”

His father consoled him, “Don’t worry. Mr. Lozano and I are best friends. I’m sure that woman will be kicked out.”

Tammy applied the ointment to Dale’s wound. Dale held her hands. “Thank you for being so kind, Tammy.”

Tammy felt shy in his father’s presence, pulling her hands back. “You are welcome.”

Dale’s father smiled at them. He knew the Andrews family was new money, so he was glad to let his son date Tammy.

Later, Tammy followed Dale and the associate dean to a meeting room.

It was fully packed by the senior executives and the chief physicians of each department.

Seeing Sylvia sitting next to the head of the surgical department, the associate dean frowned.

“Mr. Lozano, Sylvia Andrews is not a department head. This is supposed to be a management meeting. She’s not qualified to attend it.”

The dean checked on a file in his hands and glanced at Tammy behind the associate dean. “Tammy Andrews isn’t even a doctor. Why is she also here?”

Only then did the associate dean notice her. With an awkward look, he buttoned his lip.

Then the dean told his assistant, “Inform the doctors and nurses from all departments to attend this meeting, leaving one on duty only.”

The associate dean sat down and couldn’t utter a word.

Shortly after, all the doctors and nurses arrived gradually.

A tall, handsome man sat in the host’s chair, which had previously belonged to the dean. The man wore a black suit, looking aggressive and eye-catching.

The dean stood up and introduced him to others, “This is the new major shareholder of our Lilypad General Hospital, Mr. Franklin Maskelyne. Let’s applaud.”

His words raised a mighty uproar.

‘Franklin Maskelyne? Mr. Maskelyne? The president of Maskelyne Group?’

Franklin glanced around and stated coldly, “From now on, this hospital’s management belongs to Maskelyne Group. We’ve decided to fire Mr. Kash Shea and Dale Shea.”

His words shocked others again.

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Dale sprung from his chair and pounded the table. “I’m a doctor returning from overseas. I studied abroad, and I’m more qualified than most hospital doctors. How dare you fire me!”

He had an advanced degree, so the hospital paid him well. In another two years, he would probably become one of the senior executives.

However, Franklin wanted to fire him.

Dale couldn’t tolerate it, his heart tightening.

Suddenly, a man in black entered the meeting room and passed a file to Jasper. The latter glanced at it and handed it to Franklin.

Bowing his head, Franklin randomly turned a few pages and sneered, “Do you want me to tell others what degree you’ve obtained? You said you’d graduated from a top university overseas, but you were just a guest student. The certificate wasn’t the official diploma.”

Then he passed the file to the hospital dean.

After reading the file, the dean boiled over.

He smashed the file onto Dale's face. "Look at it yourself!"

Dale grabbed it and browsed, almost falling to the ground. He collapsed in his chair, an angry look in his eyes. "How dare you slander me! How could I have done those things? Franklin Maskelyne, who do you think you are? You just have some money? Probably you made it from being a male prostitute. How dare you be so arrogant!"

Others gasped upon hearing his insult, shocked that he had the balls to humiliate Franklin in public. They wondered if Dale had gone crazy.

The hospital dean could tell he was out of his mind. Before he called the security guards to kick Dale out, Jasper flicked his hand to order the bodyguards. They strode to Dale and beat him up.

The file dropped from his hand, revealing everything to others.

Several photos scattered on the ground, taken when Dale hung out in nightclubs and bars.

Also, his degree certificate was included.

Knowing as a decisive and determined man, Franklin had checked everything about Dale in such a short time.

Jasper looked down at Dale in scorn and disgust, "How dare you insult Mr. Maskelyne! Let alone this single hospital, he can afford a hundred or a thousand hospitals like this. Dr. Shea, you just returned from overseas, you'd better learn who Mr. Maskelyne is before talking nonsense. You are ignorant and stupid indeed."

Dale's mind was jumbled. However, his physical pain couldn't compare to his consternation.

Franklin's name reechoed in his mind repeatedly.

He wondered if Franklin was a big wig. Dale had stayed abroad for a long time, and he seldom paid attention to things that happened in Larro. Besides, he had an intense egoism and consistently overestimated himself.

His father was the associate dean of a hospital, so he had thought he was from one of the top families.

"I don't buy it. How can Franklin Maskelyne be so rich?"

Jasper looked at him as if looking at an idiot. "Why did Lilypad General Hospital hire a psycho like you?"

Sylvia couldn't help but burst into laughter.

So did other doctors and nurses.

They were all angry with the associate dean and his son but couldn't do anything. Finally, they were punished, so others were overjoyed.

A nurse chimed in loudly, "You'd better search Mr. Maskelyne's name online. Then you'll know how ignorant you are."

Dale's face turned reddened, pale, and livid in turns.

The associate dean also seethed with rage.

Looking at the hospital dean, he reminded the dean about their friendship. "I've been working for this hospital all my life. Do you really have the heart to fire me?"

"I'm sorry, Kash, but I'm not the person making the final decision here. You and your son have offended Mr. Maskelyne. I'm afraid I cannot do anything," the hospital dean replied in a dilemma.

Actually, he knew Dale had offended Sylvia, which angered Franklin.

He wondered why Dale provoked Sylvia. To meet Sylvia, Franklin had even donated ambulances to the hospital.

Hence, the hospital dean could tell Sylvia was unique to Franklin.

The dean heaved a sigh. His old buddy was indeed stupid and had raised his son into a good-for-nothing.

"The next decision we've made is to promote Dr. Sylvia Andrews to the associate dean, taking over Mr. Kash Shea's responsibilities," Franklin suddenly added.

Sylvia looked at him wordlessly.

Frowning, she retorted angrily with irritation written all over her face, "Are you nuts? I only come to the hospital twice a month for operations. I'm too busy to deal with the mess in the hospital. If you make trouble for me again, I'll quit my job here."

Others exclaimed in shock.

They didn't expect Silvia to refuse to be promoted and glare at Mr. Maskelyne so arrogantly.

After all, they had just witnessed Dale's ending after he'd provoked Franklin.

Dale was still groaning in pain on the ground. He was beaten black and blue, unlike a doctor at all.

Tammy glared at Sylvia in jealousy and hatred, inwardly cursing her for not appreciating Franklin's kindness.

Sylvia even refused to be promoted.

Tammy wished Franklin could teach her a lesson.

When she thought Sylvia would end miserably as well, the man of status sitting in the host's chair looked helpless. He heaved a sigh and said dotingly, "All right. All up to you. You can do whatever you want. OK?"

He sounded like he was discussing it with her, helplessly but lovingly.

All people in the meeting room were astounded.

They wondered if he was still the ruthless man who had just punished Dale not long ago.

Earlier, he reminded others of Death; now, he was more like a manly president who loved, cared, and doted on his beloved girlfriend.

He behaved differently.

Tammy gazed at Sylvia, looking as if she had received a heavy blow. Clenching her fists, she screamed, "You've gone too far, Sylvia Andrews. Think you are somebody, huh? Everyone. This woman accepted Mr. Wilson's bribery a few days ago, so she agreed to operate on the old Wilson."

The thing that happened in the hotel a few days ago was the shame in her life. Therefore, Tammy strongly believed that Sylvia must have agreed on something dirty with Clark.

That was why she blurted those words out.

Seeing Tammy's face grimacing ferociously, Sylvia asked calmly, "Tammy Andrews, do you wish me to play the video where you tried to seduce Mr. Wilson but was embarrassed by him?"

'What?'

'Tammy Andrews tried to seduce Mr. Wilson?'

Her words were like a bombshell to others, including Dale. He gazed at Tammy in disbelief. A trace of fury flashed through Tammy's face. She glared at Sylvia with bloodshot eyes. "How dare you slander me! You... You tried to seduce Mr. Wilson. You must have slept with him.."

Sylvia raised her phone. "I have your video here. Do you really want all of us to watch it? I don't mind connecting my phone to the Bluetooth of the projector."

Tammy widened her eyes and couldn't return to her senses for a long time.

She didn't believe Sylvia had the video.

In fact, she had immersed herself when playing with the toy that night, so she didn't know Clark had recorded her video and sent a copy to Sylvia.

"Just play it! Let me see what a slut she is!" Dale roared with a twisted face, wiping the blood off his mouth.

Since Tammy became his girlfriend, she had always asked him to give her pocket money and buy her luxury handbags, branded clothes, shoes, and jewelry.

It turned out Tammy only wanted to swindle his money from him.

Dale couldn't repress his anger at all. He couldn't do anything when Franklin taught him a lesson, but he was reluctant to be fooled by Tammy.

Tammy paled, shaking her head vigorously. Under others' weird gazes, she blurted loudly, "No! I didn't! Sylvia doesn't have any videos. I didn't seduce Mr. Wilson."

"Tammy Andrews, you and your parents drugged me. Think I don't know it?" Sylvia sneered.

"Unfortunately, you took the drug instead."

Jasper walked to her, respectfully picked up her phone, and connected to the Bluetooth of the projector.

The next second, everyone in the meeting room saw the erotic scene – a woman huddled in the corner of a hotel box, almost naked.

All gaped while watching the video.

Tammy collapsed on the ground tearfully. “Stop it! It’s not me. It’s not me. Sylvia Andrews, it’s all your fault! You framed me.”

Dale struggled to stand up and slapped her violently. “You dirty whore! You slut!”

Covering her cheek, Tammy howled, “Sylvia set me up. You didn’t avenge me but hit me.”

Suddenly, she plucked up her strength, pulled out a scalpel, and wanted to stab it into Sylvia’s chest.

She acted too quickly for others to realize what was going on.

When she almost succeeded, Sylvia was ready to bounce up to dodge.

However, a dagger was stabbed into Tammy’s wrist, which made her drop the scalpel.

Tammy screamed in pain and fell to the ground, covering her wrist.

When Sylvia looked up, she saw Franklin elegantly wiping his fingers with a handkerchief passed by Jasper. He looked sullen.

Even if he hadn’t helped her, she could have dodged.

However, Sylvia was surprised by his reaction.

chapter 206

She was shocked but felt sweet, wondering the reason.

Sylvia shook her thoughts out of her head, reminding herself that the priority was to figure out the man and the woman who had sold her mother to a village.

She had learned that her mother didn’t have a car accident but was sold.

Then she wondered where her younger sister was and if she was also sold. Her younger sister was just a toddler back then.

The thought that her mother and younger sister might be suffering in a remote place, Sylvia was keyed up in irritation.

However, it had been so many years. She didn’t know where to start.

It was a big world, and it was challenging to look for someone.

Unlike now, she could check the suspects’ traces using her hacking skills to locate the target.

Besides, even if some traces had been left, after so many years, they should have faded away. Sylvia couldn’t find any clue.

Bothered, she heaved a sigh, following other coworkers to leave the meeting room.

Tammy was also fired.

The hospital returned to peace.

When Sylvia stepped into her office, Franklin followed her to enter.

Before she shut him out, he stuffed his leg into the crack to stop her.

“What do you want, Mr. Maskelyne?”

The next second, Sylvia’s shoulders hit the door. She let out a soft cry in pain, “Ouch!”

Franklin gripped her shoulder with one hand and pinched her waist with the other.

Sylvia was annoyed, her back pressed against the door. “Think you can do whatever you want after becoming the major shareholder?”

A ghost of a smile appeared on Franklin’s handsome face.

He parted his thin lips and drawled, “Why are you so tense, sweetie? I haven’t done anything yet.”

Sylvia didn’t admit she was tense. She just felt hurt after he pressed her against the door.

Inwardly, she cursed. Then she was about to kick him.

Franklin grabbed her ankle, pulling her forward forcibly. Her body was highly flexible, so he split her easily.

“Oops, sweetie. You just can’t wait to perform in such a tough position, right? If I don’t cooperate with you, you’ll be disappointed.” Franklin chuckled again.

“Are you acting as a rascal today?” Sylvia sucked in her breath, gritting her teeth.

The man was charming and bewitching.

But he was also moody and unfathomable.

In the past, when they were still married, he was aloof and noble.

However, he became shameless, cold-hearted, arrogant, and irritated.

Sylvia wanted to pull back her leg, but he pinched her too tightly. She failed.

Therefore, she had to push him away, but his chest was too firm. Sylvia wanted to strike his chest, but her hand was grabbed by him.

“Be patient, sweetie.” With an evil smile, Franklin rubbed his nose tip against hers.

Only then did Sylvia find that when her palm touched his chest, her fingertips hooked his buttons. Once Franklin gripped her hand, she accidentally unbuttoned two buttons on his chest.

His sexy collarbones were exposed. Sylvia saw his smooth chest with muscle outlines.

Although they had married for many years before the divorce, Sylvia still blushed.

She wanted to pull back her hand, but Franklin tightened his grip and said shamelessly, "Sweetie, since you do want to touch me. I'm generous. Go ahead."

As he spoke, he pulled her hand to press his chest.

The warmth from his body traveled up her wrist to her shoulder instantly.

His body temperature was so high that her heart trembled.

Sylvia's face reddened in anger. Franklin stared at her, a touch of a smile flashing through his eyes.

Suddenly, he held her waist up, lifted her, and squeezed her with his solid chest. They clung to each other.

Sylvia was enveloped by his mint scent.

In anger, she yanked her head up to glare at him. He was staring at her tenderly, his eyes like a deep pool almost drowning her.

Sexual desire came into his eyes. A faint smile was on his lovely face.

Sylvia pressed her lips together and reminded him calmly, "I'm still at work, Franklin Maskelyne. Let go."

Franklin lowered his head and pecked her soft lips. Sniffing her fragrance, he whispered in her ears jokingly, "Call me hubby. I'll let go of you."

His hot breath sprayed on her ear, and the tickle made Sylvia tilt her head to dodge his lips. Glaring at him unhappily, she snapped, "We're divorced. You are my ex-husband only."

Her refusal made Franklin's face sullen. Raising her chin with his cool, slender fingers, he forced her to turn her delicate face toward him and look into his eyes.

He sneered, "Sylvia Andrews, you'll go to register in the City Hall with me again one day."

He increased the strength of his fingers, his eyes full of coldness. "Don't try to escape from me. As I said before, you can only be my wife."

Under his pressure, Sylvia looked up at him. Franklin wasn't just a maniac but a lunatic with paranoia.

He still dreamed of remarrying her. Sylvia only took it as a joke.

'Think you are more attractive than money? I married you once. Why would I marry you again? You wish!' thought Sylvia.

With an ironic smile, she retorted, "You are indeed a bossy president. Think I'll listen to you and go to register with you after you've made such an overbearing announcement?"

"Do you want to marry another man? The man wearing the mask? Who the heck is he?" Irritation filled his eyes.

Sylvia had ignored that he was a maniac with egoism, but she didn't expect her words to provoke him.

“Let go of me! No matter who I marry, what does it have to do with you? I can marry any man but you,” Sylvia retorted in irritation. They didn’t love each other. In other blunt words, they married for the benefit.

However, he kept pestering her.

Sylvia felt bothered and irritated, her mind jumbled.

All she wanted now was to find the whereabouts of her mother and younger sister. She had no interest in loving someone.

Therefore, she couldn’t afford to waste time dealing with Franklin.

Flames of fury sprung to his eyes, which almost overwhelmed Sylvia.

Before she reacted, Franklin lifted her, held her in his arms, and strode toward the lounge in her office.

Then he slammed the door shut.

Franklin could not take his gaze off her, breathing heavily.

“You can never escape from me all your life, Sylvia. You only belong to me,” he announced aggressively.

“You don’t love me, Franklin. I don’t love you, either. You’re just used to living with me. We divorced, and you haven’t gotten used to it yet. You’d better figure out what’s in your mind,” Sylvia reminded him in a weak tone.

Franklin stared at her determinedly. “I know what’s in my mind clearly.”

He wanted Sylvia, and she was destined to be his.

Then he kissed her again.

chapter 207

Sylvia didn’t know that Franklin had learned about her virus, so she had no idea that he was trying to detoxicate her.

Afraid the virus would take effect, Franklin decided to detoxicate her regularly, even if she struggled or disgusted him.

Logan had told him the regular patterns of her virus.

In the past four years, the virus had attacked her irregularly. After they divorced, the virus took effect more often.

It implied that Sylvia’s body needed him.

Franklin wished she could recover, but privately, he felt delighted after realizing Sylvia couldn’t leave him.

Moreover, he even felt lucky that Sylvia had married him instead of another man in the past.

Thinking some other men also had the RH negative blood type, Franklin would easily blow up.

He decided to kill any man who wanted to steal Sylvia from him. No man could take her away.

After Tammy was kicked out of the hospital, she rushed back home.

Once she entered the living room, she saw Skyla standing before the fish tank to feed the fishes. Tammy burst into tears immediately.

“Mom!”

“What’s wrong?” Her whine shocked Skyla, who dropped all the fish food into the tank.

The fishes had a feast.

Skyla pulled Tammy to sit on the sofa. “What happened, Tammy? Aren’t you supposed to be at work? Why did you come back so suddenly?”

“Mom! Sylvia, that bitch, set me up!” Tammy cursed in jealousy and hatred.

Then she told Skyla what had happened in the hospital in detail.

Her words made Skyla tremble in anger. Her well-cared face was so twisted that she looked like another ugly woman. “Damn it! How dare that bitch do those things to you! Who does she think she is?”

“What should I do, Mom?” Tammy shed tears, sniffing.

She suddenly lost the job she had tried hard to obtain, wondering what to do.

“After your dad come home, let’s tell him. We shall make a long-term plan. You can go to work in your dad’s company. It’ll belong to you sooner or later, anyway,” Skyla consoled her, patting her hands.

Suddenly, their doorbell rang.

A maid scooted to open the door.

Surprisingly, several policemen in uniforms entered.

“Does Otto Andrews stay here?”

Skyla was startled and she had a bad hunch.

“Yes. This is Andrews Residence. What can I do for you, Officer?”

The policeman in the lead pulled out a piece of paper and showed it to Skyla. “This is a warrant of arrest. We’ve been to Andrews Construction but failed to find Otto Andrews. Is he home?”

Blood drained from Skyla’s face. Her lips trembled. “Arrest? Why do you want to arrest him? What has he done?”

“We received an anonymous report and investigated to confirm Otto Andrews had evaded the tax payment. We also have solid evidence. Now, we’ll arrest him,” the police replied professionally. “Please contact him immediately. Or, we’ll issue an online warrant of arrest and list him as wanted throughout the country.”

Skyla’s legs went weak. She staggered, almost fainting.

Fortunately, Tammy helped her to keep her balance. "Mom... Mom, be strong."

"I-I don't know where to find him. He went to work in the morning and still didn't return home," Skyla sobbed and yelled.

She wondered what she and Tammy should do after Otto went to jail. She wouldn't be able to lead a wealthy life. Besides, Tammy had also lost her job.

Skyla felt her world had collapsed.

Suddenly, there were some noises from the door.

The next second, Otto rushed in with sweat all over his forehead. He roared, "Skyla, pack my suitcase. Hurry! I need to go..."

He suddenly broke off when seeing the policemen standing in the living room. He couldn't finish his words as he hadn't expected the policemen to react so quickly and wait for him in his house.

Otto paled. He escaped from the company after his assistant told him the policemen were looking for him.

Otto had planned to take a suitcase and run away. However, the policemen had been waiting for him already.

He gaped in disbelief, watching a policeman walk to him and put handcuffs on his wrist.

The coldness from them brought him back to his senses. "I'm wronged, Officer. I didn't evade the tax."

"You can reserve your rights and talk to the judge in court." The policeman in the lead looked at him coldly and ordered, "Take him away!"

Skyla rushed to hug Otto. "Please don't take my husband away. He hasn't done anything wrong. If you want to take him away, I'll kill myself."

Otto didn't expect her to defend him. Feeling touched, he said, "Honey, let go. Take good care of yourself and Tammy. Wait for me."

"We cannot live without you, Honey. What should Tammy and I do after you're gone?" Skyla wailed. She was worried about the income. Usually, she liked playing bridge with her friends. In the future, she would lack money. Her husband's company had been closed down. Skyla didn't think she would have the courage to keep in touch with them.

Tammy also dragged Otto's arm. "Dad! I was fired by the hospital earlier."

"What?" Otto appalled. "How could they do that?"

"It's a long story, Dad. You cannot leave us alone. We really cannot live without you." Tammy started sobbing.

Otto looked at Skyla, feeling sorry and worried. However, in silence, he was taken away by the policemen.

Skyla followed them, watching the police car roar away. She was fuming.

“What’s wrong, Mom?” Tammy asked curiously after seeing her expression change.

Her mother was worried about her father, shedding tears.

However, Skyla suddenly changed her expression.

“Your father still hasn’t fully trusted me,” Skyla remarked, her face twisted. “Humph! He has a safe inside which is his own savings. I thought he would tell me the password, but he left without saying anything. Son of bitch!”

It seemed she couldn’t rely on Otto anymore, so she started to plan for her future.

Andrews Construction was closed down due to evading the tax.

After its property was confiscated, it still couldn’t pay its owed tax.

There was a considerable gap. Andrews Construction had suffered from losses every year. Although Clark invested in the company, it only resolved some urgent problems.

Now, it had been closed down.

The news riled up Clark, who smashed all the files to the floor.

“Otto Andrews, you just cannot do anything right!”

“Mr. Wilson, Sylvia has agreed to do the operation. Isn’t it good news?” Winter squatted down to pick up the files carefully and put them before Clark.

He gazed at the files without a blink, boiling over with anger. After a while, he said, “You can leave.”

“All right.” Winter instantly pushed the door open and walked out.

However, she felt sickened and her stomach turning.

She feared, thinking about the causes. Blood drained from her face, and her heart kept sinking.

Winter didn’t dare stay there. She rushed into the ladies’ room and retched.

After a long time, the sickness stopped, and she left the ladies’ room while patting her chest.

She was 36, not a teenager, so she knew what it meant.

Clark didn’t like to use any birth control measurements, and she took morning-after pills.

Winter had never planned to be a mother in her life. After all, her husband was disabled and impotent.

If she was pregnant, her baby would be an illegitimate child. After all, she was Clark’s aunt.

She was unwilling to let her child live in disgrace.

Winter could hardly imagine it, returning to her office absentmindedly.

“Mrs. Wilson? Excuse me, Mrs. Wilson?”

After Rosie called her several times, Winter finally returned to her senses. “Yes? What’s up?”

“This is the donation list for this quarter.” Rosie presented a copy of the Wilson Philanthropic Foundation’s report to her. Looking at her, worried, Rosie asked, “Are you all right, Mrs. Wilson? You look pale.”

“I’m fine, Rosie. I’m just too exhausted.” Winter forced a smile and started to read the report.

chapter 208

In the president’s office of Vista University, Mr. Carrillo was sitting at his desk, reading a document.

Mr. Mckee from the admission office entered. “Excuse me, Mr. Carrillo. The graduation ceremony for this school year will be held soon. We need to hold a banquet. Also, who shall we invite to give a lecture in the medical school?”

Last time, Mr. Carrillo invited Sylvia to give a lecture, and she agreed. However, Mr. McKee kept wondering if Sylvia had boasted herself to be a medical expert. The university would become a laughingstock if she wasn’t a medical expert.

Mr. Carrillo looked up and passed the document to him. “Mr. Mckee, take a look.”

Mr. Mckee took it over in confusion. “What is this?”

“Read it. You’ll know,” Mr. Carrillo answered in a low voice.

Five minutes later, Mr. Mckee widened his eyes, and his hands were shaking because he was too shocked. “H-How could it be possible?”

“It’s really her,” Mr. Carrillo took a long breath, “When I first saw her at Wilson Philanthropic Foundation’s banquet, she looked familiar to me.”

“The thesis that had shocked the medical circles was written by her for real. She hadn’t only published that paper but also an invited editor-in-chief for an international medical journal. H-H-How could it be possible? How old is she? Isn’t it said the medical genius had vanished after publishing the thesis four years ago? It was shocking news to the medical circles at that time,” Mr. Mckee remarked inconceivably.

“My older brother is the dean of Aettosa Medical Institute. This file was from him, and it should be reliable. He said the genius had been infected by a virus. He never gave up searching for the child in the past decades, afraid she would pass away.” Mr. Carrillo’s eyes reddened.

Mr. Mckee put down the document. “I didn’t expect her to stay in Lilypad General Hospital in Larro.”

“Our medical school cannot be compared to her university, but we can invite her to give us lectures. I wonder if the virus in her body has been eliminated.”

Mr. Carrillo peered out the window worriedly. Sylvia graduated from Abbott Medical University, a top university of H Rovirsa. She published a thesis before graduating, shocking medical circles worldwide, and became famous.

However, she vanished after graduating from university. No one knew where she had gone.

People even failed to find her photo or name on the merit board and among the honored alumnae of her university.

The genius seemed to appear and vanish suddenly.

“Now we’ve confirmed Miss Andrews to be this genius. We should invite her to hold the last seminar before this year’s graduation. What do you think?” Mr. Mckee suggested.

“I need to invite her in person. Why don’t you come with me? Oh, take the dean of education and the vice president,” Mr. Carrillo instructed him.

“Sure. I’ll inform them now.” Mr. Mckee stood up. “What about the graduation banquet?”

“We can talk about it tomorrow. Let’s take care of the seminar first.”

In Sylvia’s office of Lilypad General Hospital, Sylvia was glaring at Franklin, her face blushing.

He sat on the sofa leisurely with his legs crossed. He tapped his phone screen occasionally, reading something.

“Why are you still here?” Sylvia asked harshly.

He looked elegant and noble now, just like a prince from an oil painting. However, it was just his surface. He was a beast under a human’s skin.

Franklin looked at Sylvia at her desk. Her lips were red and swollen because of his kiss. She was reading a patient’s medical records. A strand of hair hung down, making her more womanish.

Franklin failed to repress his urge. He stood up to walk to her. His fingers played with the hair.

Sylvia raised her head and glared at him again. “Let go!”

It seemed that she could still feel the warmth of his muscled chest.

Her hand suddenly trembled, and the pen dropped.

Sylvia was irked. “It’s all your fault!” she snapped.

Franklin bent over, picked up the pen, and stuffed it into her hand.

“My fault? What did I do wrong?”

Sylvia didn’t respond.

She failed to resist his charm, and inwardly, she cursed him, wondering why he kept pestering her.

The more she wanted to stop thinking about him, the less she could control herself.

Sylvia shook her head to forget those scenes.

Franklin stared at her, cupping his chin. Sylvia looked extremely lively and adorable at this moment.

He had found a lot of sides of her. She could be cute, lively, hilarious, and coquettish. However, she was often aloof, strong, and powerful in his presence.

She reminded him of the roses, full of life and passion.

However, she was also stubborn.

Franklin felt spirited.

Their moods formed a sharp contrast.

While Sylvia was still cursing him, her office door was knocked on.

She calmed down and replied, "Please enter."

The doorknob was twisted, but the door wasn't opened.

Only then did Sylvia recall the door had been locked from the inside.

She kicked Franklin and ordered crossly, "Open the door."

Franklin obediently went to unlock the door.

After seeing him, people outside were stunned.

Then they checked the nameplate on the door, wondering if they had come to the wrong room.

After confirming they didn't make a mistake, Mr. Carrillo asked hesitantly in confusion, "Hi, Mr. Maskelyne. Is this Dr. Sylvia's office?"

Franklin looked stern as they had interrupted him from flirting with Sylvia.

"Mr. Carrillo, are you here to see Dr. Sylvia? What's the matter?"

He was supposed to be with Sylvia privately.

Looking at those old men, he wondered why they were there.

After asking Mr. Carrillo to do him a favor last time, Franklin donated many things to his university.

Therefore, Mr. Carrillo answered respectfully, "Here is the thing. The medical school of our university wants to invite Dr. Andrew to give the students a lecture. Mr. Maskelyne, may we enter the office, please?"

Franklin darted at his assistant and a few other university leaders, making his way reluctantly.

The old men entered.

"Come in. Sylvia is in."

Since last time, Mr. Carrillo had sensed that Franklin treated Sylvia differently.

However, he didn't expect to see Franklin in Sylvia's office.

Rumors had it that Franklin was always busy. Mr. Carrillo wondered why he was so idle to stay in Sylvia's office.

Also, he doubted if they were only chitchatting.

Mr. Carrillo started to imagine quite a lot.

"Nice to meet you all, Mr. Carrillo and gentlemen. Please be seated." Sylvia stood up and greeted them.

Then she glanced at Franklin unhappily.

“Hurry up and serve some coffee to our guests. Use my coffee beans from Kenya.” Sylvia cast a scornful glance at him, thinking he was too insensible.

Franklin rubbed his nose.

He didn't mind making coffee for them, but they might not be so bold to accept it.

The university leaders all panicked and refused, “No, thanks, Mr. Maskelyne. We're not thirsty.”

How dare they let Franklin make coffee for them?

Franklin took out the coffee beans from the cabinet, walked to the machine, and obediently made the coffee.

Only Sylvia was bold enough to ask him to do things as if he were just an intern.

Others were shocked as they didn't expect Mr. Maskelyne to make the coffee for real.

Mr. Carrillo fidgeted uncomfortably. “Let me do it, Mr. Maskelyne.”

“Mr. Carrillo, you are my guest. Leave it to him.” Sylvia darted at Franklin who was moving clumsily. He was too energetic, wasn't he? So, she let him vent his energy this way!

Upon hearing her words, Franklin wondered if Sylvia implied he wasn't an outsider to her as others were her guests.

Therefore, he felt delighted to serve the coffee to the old men as he was the host.

His mood immediately got better, and the old men became more lovely in his eyes.

Watching him serve the coffee, other men hurriedly take the mugs. “Thank you so much, Mr. Maskelyne.”

“Thanks, Mr. Maskelyne.”

The dean of education even wiped the sweat off his forehead, wondering if it was his illusion that he had the pleasure of having the coffee made by Franklin personally.

Noticing the hilarious expressions on the university leader's faces, Sylvia held back her laughter and asked, “What can I do for you?”

She wondered what had made so many university leaders come to her.

Lifting an eyebrow, she stared at Mr. Carrillo.

“Here is the thing, Dr. Sylvia. Last time, I mentioned inviting you to our medical school for a lecture. Now the National Day gala had ended. Do you have time to hold a seminar for our students? Dr. Sylvia, you are an experienced surgeon and have saved many people.” Mr. Carrillo stared at the stunning girl, feeling dazzled.

She was the genius back then!

She was still alive and well!

chapter 209

Mr. Carrillo had complicated emotions inside. He didn't know what to say for a while.

Sylvia specialized in surgical treatment but she also dabbled in traditional medicine, so surely she was qualified to give the lecture.

Mr. Carrillo looked at her with mixed feelings of passion and awe in his eyes.

Sylvia said to him confusedly, "Mr. Carrillo, I will give the lecture, but why are you looking at me this way?"

"Well, nothing." He hadn't expected her to say yes to his request so easily.

He paused for a second and continued, "Thank you, Dr. Sylvia. Let me see, it's Monday today. How about Friday afternoon? Will that work for you?"

"Sure." Sylvia nodded. "I will be there on time."

"You will have the full support of my assistant about the specifics of the lecture," added Mr. Carrillo.

"OK." Sylvia smiled. "It's my honor to be able to help the students."

Mr. Carrillo got up delightedly and checked the time. "Dr. Sylvia, how about going to Royal Galaxy Restaurant for dinner tonight? It's on my treat."

"With your meager budget? Just forget it," Franklin, who was making coffee, said with disdain.

Then he turned to Sylvia with a loving and soft look in his eyes. "Tonight is my treat. Just order anything you like."

Sylvia didn't bother to respond to this mercurial man.

'What a maniacal psychopath!'

Outside the Royal Galaxy Restaurant, Sylvia was speaking on her phone when she gestured for Franklin to come in with Mr. Carrillo and the people first.

Franklin raised his eyebrow and asked, "Who are you speaking to?"

"None of your business." Sylvia glared at him. "Just go in there."

Lifting the corner of his mouth, Franklin ran his fingers through her hair before he took the old men to the lobby of the restaurant.

Sylvia ended the call after exchanging a few words with Logan.

She saw a black Mercedes-Benz stop outside the restaurant as she looked up.

After putting her phone into her purse, Sylvia was about to enter the restaurant.

But then she heard a familiar voice. "Sylvia Andrews. Yes, you are!"

Tammy Andrews?

Sylvia turned around and saw Tammy, in a light-yellow dress and three-inch heels and with heavy makeup, getting out of the Mercedes.

Swaying her body, Tammy walked toward Sylvia.

“You are having dinner here at Royal Galaxy?” Tammy curled her lips. “It’s the most expensive restaurant in Larro. Just one meal will cost half of your monthly salary!”

“What does that have anything to do with you?” Sylvia said impassively. It seemed like Tammy’s wrist had been cured already. So she started to make trouble again.

“I’m just worried the cost of the meal will hurt your wallet.” Tammy sneered, covering her mouth with her hand. “Are you dumped by Franklin? And that’s why you are standing here alone outside the restaurant. Well, what a pity!”

The woman who imagined quite a lot was annoying.

Sylvia just ignored her, turned around, and walked into the restaurant.

Tammy, however, stopped her, seized the man coming toward her by the arm, and said, “Sylvia, come over here. Let me introduce my boyfriend.”

Sylvia glanced at the man, who was about thirty-six years old, casually dressed, and wearing a pair of golden-framed glasses.

He looked much older than Tammy.

“Darling, this is Sylvia I have told you about,” said Tammy coquettishly, holding the man’s arm, “My boyfriend Nathen Beasley is the associate dean of the medical school of Vista University. He’s only thirty-eight, young and successful.”

“He is young.” Sylvia nodded, thinking, ‘He’s young enough to reach his forties. Tammy is just in her twenties, but she is surprisingly proud to date a man who’s about forty. My whole world view has been rocked.’

“You are Sylvia? You are pretty. But can you treat Tammy a little better?” The man said unhappily to Sylvia with a stern face.

He had heard much of Sylvia from Tammy, and his impression of Sylvia was that she was a vicious girl who always bullied Tammy.

Tammy looked grieved every time she mentioned Sylvia, and her stories always irritated him.

There he met Sylvia, but no matter how prettier she was than Tammy, he felt she was disgusting.

He couldn’t help but begin to lecture Sylvia as if he was lecturing his students, “Tammy is a kind-hearted and sincere girl. You can’t just pick on her because of her kindness. As sisters, you should love and support each other. How can you treat her like that?”

Sylvia looked at him, perplexed, thinking, ‘Is this guy nuts?’

As she had learned, Otto Andrews had been thrown into prison, so, was Tammy looking for sugar daddies due to lack of money?

She was together with Dale Shea, that rubbish from the hospital the other day, but she had a new boyfriend so soon.

It was jaw-dropping how fast she changed her boyfriend. She was demonstrating what “men are like clothes” really meant by actions.

What Sylvia didn’t know was that Tammy was dating two men at the same time.

Sylvia was wondering whether the president of Vista University thought with his brain when he appointed such a silly guy as the associate dean of medical school.

She couldn’t believe that he, as the associate dean of medical school, was being fooled by Tammy, the brainless bitch.

At this thought, she repressed the urge to laugh.

“Mr. Beasley, please watch your language.” Sylvia leered at him. “Who do you think you are? In what position are you speaking to me like that?”

“I am Tammy’s boyfriend! Your future brother-in-law! You have to listen to me!” He hadn’t expected Sylvia would retort, so he snarled with a red face, feeling embarrassed and angry.

“Sorry, then. Even if Otto Andrews were lecturing me here, I wouldn’t listen, let alone you.” With that, Sylvia left.

She didn’t want to waste her time on that stupid couple anymore.

Tammy fell into the man’s arms sadly. “Darling, did you see that? She always treats me that way and never takes me seriously.”

Nathen felt so sorry for her. He soon kissed her, whispering, “Well, sweetie, let’s go inside. I will make her pay for this.”

Tammy smiled in the man’s arms.

Following Sylvia, the two were walking toward Royal Galaxy Restaurant.

Franklin, Mr. Carrillo, and others were seated at an Evodroupolian-style long table.

Sylvia went to them and sat down next to Franklin, as there was only one empty chair around the table.

Unquestionably, that was reserved for her.

To her surprise, they hadn’t ordered anything yet.

chapter 210

“What would you like to eat?” Franklin asked gently, passing her the menu.

“I will have stewed chicken, crispy fried shrimp, and sautéed mushrooms,” Sylvia ordered some dishes readily.

It was not until she finished ordering that the rest of them started to order.

Nathen saw this when he aggressively walked toward them with Tammy.

The woman with clear bright eyes, white teeth, and delicate eyebrows fluttered her long eyelashes. Her flawless fair complexion was pinky, and her lips were tender and rosy like rose petals.

The man next to the woman was extraordinarily handsome with a powerful vibe. Even only in a black shirt, he looked perfectly like the leader among them.

Nathen's eyes were wide open as he recognized the rest.

He blurted out, "Mr. Carrillo, why are you having dinner with this vicious woman? Don't you know she..."

Before he got to finish, Mr. Carrillo frowned and interrupted him abruptly, "Mr. Beasley, what are you talking about? Dr. Sylvia is a phenomenal doctor. She has saved the lives of many dying patients. How can you be so rude?"

Nathen Beasley, the associate dean, had a low EQ.

He had a favorable family background but had been single for many years because of his low EQ.

He was about to reach his forties, and yet he hadn't married.

He was good at his job, but not good at socializing with people.

Mr. Carrillo glanced at Tammy, who was holding her hands with Nathen, and soon understood what was going on.

He felt a wave of wild fury overcome him. He almost had the urge to strangle Nathen to death.

Sylvia was an eminent doctor he invited to give the lecture to the students. What should he do if Nathen pissed her off?

"Mr. Carrillo, don't be deceived by her beautiful look. She bullies her sister, her stepmother, her stepbrother, and her grandmother. She has done all those evil things!" Agitated by Mr. Carrillo's preference over Sylvia, he couldn't help but shout, "You can ask my girlfriend if you don't believe it. She has lived with Sylvia for many years."

His words made Tammy become the focus of people's attention. Tammy couldn't believe Nathen, that stupid man, did such a stupid thing.

That caught her off guard. Her face was blushing, and her heart was pounding, not least because of those sharp gazes upon her.

"My father is in prison all because of her. My mom is sick too, and it's her fault too."

"Did she ask your dad to evade tax? Did she make you date Dale Shea?" Franklin's face darkened and he shot daggers at Tammy. He would not allow anyone to denigrate his woman in public.

He thought Tammy would reflect on her misdeeds after the Andrews family got into trouble, but she turned out to be worse.

A leopard can't change its spots.

Franklin's icy look sent a chill down Tammy's spine.

She sought protection by standing behind Nathen's back.

Nathen was trying to act like a manly man in his girlfriend's presence. "Mr. Maskelyne, I know you are a respectable man. But Sylvia is really bad, so you'd better stay away from her, or she will put you in big trouble someday."

"Shut up!" The man was forbidding and menacing.

The atmosphere at the restaurant was very tense.

Franklin gave a stern look at the couple before glancing at Jasper, who was behind him.

Jasper got the hint and dialed a number.

Dozens of bodyguards in black suits swarmed from all directions to surround the couple.

Although he was from a well-educated, rich family, Nathen was just someone with a daily routine between home and school.

He had never been in such a situation.

With a pale face, he cried, "What... what are you doing?"

Franklin was holding a glass of wine with his slender fingers. The red liquor in the glass was in sharp contrast to the color of his fingers, creating a strong visual impact, with his fingers getting more eye-catching.

The man took a sip of the wine elegantly and said indifferently, "Throw him out!"

"We are here to eat. Who are you to cast us out!"

"You are so dictatorial. You think you own all the restaurants in the world?" Nathen protested.

The bodyguards, however, refused to argue with him, dragging him and Tammy out.

They did it ruthlessly and rudely.

Mr. Carrillo wiped his sweaty forehead and said to Franklin with an awkward smile, "Mr. Maskelyne, I am really sorry. That guy is stupid and has a low EQ."

"Dr. Sylvia, please don't be mad. I will give him a piece of my mind later. And he must have misjudged you because of that girl."

"He's an absolute disgrace to Vista University!"

Franklin, however, remained silent with his eyes lowered.

It was hard for others to know what he was thinking about.

What dreaded Mr. Carrillo more was that Franklin would blame them, the management of the school for that.

Moreover, he had meant to invite Franklin to be the guest of the graduation party, and Sylvia to attend it.

Now that all his plans had been ruined by that stupid Nathen. Thus, he hated Nathen very much.

The medical school of Vista University always lagged behind Abbott Medical University. That happened for a reason!

With such a lunatic associate dean, how could it possibly thrive?

He was exasperated!

Mr. Carrillo was so mad that he wished he could rush to Nathen and beat him hard.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Carrillo.” Sylvia smiled and got him a drumstick. “He represents only himself. What he says or does has nothing to do with you. Since I have promised you to give the lecture, I will do it.”

“You have both a good look and a good heart, Miss Andrews.” Mr. Carrillo was relieved that Sylvia would not go back on her word.

“No wonder your school has never made it to the top ranks. The faculty member of your school is a real eye-opener for me,” said Franklin with sarcasm.

He would show no mercy to anyone who upset his woman. Nathen must want to die to insult his woman in public.

And Tammy, that stupid woman, who didn’t seem to learn her lesson yet, kept harassing his woman like a housefly.

Franklin had expected Tammy to stop making trouble after the video in which she was masturbating with toys was played in the hospital.

Apparently, he was wrong.

Franklin sneered and beckoned Jasper over, and the latter soon bent toward him.

Jasper nodded and left after Franklin whispered something to his ear.

Sylvia raised her eyebrow, wondering what the man was up to.

All of a sudden, Franklin grabbed her by the hand. “No one could get away from bullying you.”

Sylvia was speechless

She didn’t think she had been bullied.

She just didn’t care about a psycho like Tammy Andrews.